Fiction Found Out.

D. 190.

To my *Esteemed Friends*, *call'd* Quakers, *on Occasion of two Copies of Verses Printed, and Subscribed* W. P.

Dear Friends;

I Have writ this for your Satisfaction, and yet not for yours, as you well say, but to inform those many that Importune you on my Account, asking, *If I was Author of the Condoling and Congratulating Verses on the late and present King, printed* (say they) *in my Name*, concluding, if I were the Author, *I must needs have turn'd* Papist, Flatterer, *and what they please.*

Others, I perceive, without this help, as well as without Truth or Modesty, stick not to report me, *A declared Papist, and that I openly go to Mass.*

Now though it looks Idle in any to wonder I should be a *Papist* at this time a day, that have been thought, & upon just as good Grounds, a *Jesuite* so many years; yet because they have no better Evidence, a man would wonder why they should be so believing, but that we lamentably see, Men are apter to be *Injurious* than *Just*. In the mean while, I have a fine time of it, to be reported a *Papist* on one hand, and presented and prosecuted as a *Disaffected* Person on the other hand: But I know my self, and the World too well, to be troubled at this, and worse, if that can be: God forgive them. 'Tis enough for me 'tis false.

For the *Verses*, if it be considered well, the *two Letters* begin five Hundred Names besides mine; And I that pretend not to Poetry at any time, should hardly have done it then, when I must needs look to have such sad Company as the *dull Flattery* of all the Suburbs of the Town.

But that I did not write them, the stuff it self shows, & they must be bereav'd of Sense, as well as Charity, that can think it; for to own my self a *Quaker*, & *Jeer* the Profession: To use their Phrases, and *Prophane* them: To promise as *Quakers* to live peaceably, and yet engage to be *no more such:* To make our selves *Loyal* in one *Stanz*, and ask *Pardon* for not being so in another: Be now a *Mistaken and wilful Rout*, and presently the *Loving and Loyal Friends of* **Charles** *and* **James**, make up a Jarr and a Nonsence, that I have not been used to be guilty of in Prose; and when-ever I turn such a *Penny-Poet*, let such Confusion be my Judgment. However, it would look rude to be angry at them; for certainly they put a mighty Complement upon my Name, that thought *two Letters* of it would make their *Drugg* sell. And because I am so known a Friend to Property; To the unknown *Hawker-Wit* that writ them, I leave them, with the Credit of all the fine and foolish things they are *labour'd* with; Contenting my self against all *Defamations*, that I have this Defence, for my Religion and Conduct, in my Conclusion.

First, That *the Grace of God within me*, and *the Scripture without me*, are the Foundation and Declaration of my Faith and Religion: And let any man get better, if he can.

Secondly, That the Profession I make of this Religion, is in the same Way and Manner that I have used for almost these Eighteen Years past.

Thirdly, That my civil Conduct, I humbly bless my God, has been with *Peace on Earth, and Good Will to all men*, from the King on his Throne, to the Beggar on the Dunghill.

I have ever lov'd *England*, & Moderation to all Parties in it, and long seen and fore-seen the Consequences of the want of it: I would yet heartily wish it might take place, and Perswasion that of Persecution, that we might not grow *Barbarous* for *Christianity*, nor abuse and undoe one another *for Gods sake.*

These have been, These are, and with Gods strength, These shall be, through all the *Crooked* and *Uneven Paths* of *Time*, the Principles and Practice of

Warmingburst-place, the last of the 2d Month, call'd *April*, 1685.

Your Antient and Constant Friend,
William Penn.

Postscript.

IF this will not serve and satisfie the Mistaken *(for the* Malicious *I fear are past Cure) Let them but prove the Report upon any Body, and I will yet, as late in the day as it looks for such Work, Effectually convince them with the Judgment of the Law, that ought to be every*